

Her Hands

As I type this account I see my mother's slender hands, veined in patterns as fascinating as her personality. Mother used those hands to earn her livelihood as a young girl just out of high school.

1926, Northhampton, Mass.- To Whom It May Concern: I am glad to state that Miss Dorothy M. Forrant of Ware, Massachusetts, entered this school in the fall of 1925; earned her way while attending here until she graduated in June, 1926.. She maintained high grades in all her commercial studies and was an exceptionally rapid and accurate typist -- one of the best we have turned out for a number of years. (signed) John C. Pickett, Assistant Principal Northhampton Commercial College, Inc.

1927, Washington, D.C. - TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Miss Dorothy M. Forrant has been employed in the Department of State under my supervision since September 20, 1926. Miss Forrant is a very capable stenographer and typist, energetic, willing and conscientious in the discharge of any duties which may be assigned to her. (signed) E.B. Russ Jan. 3, 1928, Washington, D.C. - Miss Dorothy M. Forrant. Madam: You are hereby appointed a Stenographer to the Sixth International Conference of American States to be held at Habana, Cuba, January 16, 1928. (signed) Frank B. Kellog

Jan. 1928, Havana, Cuba - Care of the Delegation of the United States, Hotel Sevilla-Blitmore, Room 105

Dearest Mother: Well, I have arrived at last. I had a wonderful journey on the boat and was seasick a little but not much. The Hotel we are staying at is the most expensive in the city. Even my room is \$10. a day without meals. Hot Dog! What does Arthur think of it? I have a private room with a private bath and a telephone and everything. The only thing is everytime you turn around you have to tip everybody. If you don't tip you don't get waited on.

The President of the United States is coming to Habana Monday and the President of Cuba has proclaimed a legal holiday in his honor.

Did I tell you the girls gave me a surprise party before leaving? They gave me a lovely robe and satin mules. And all went down to the train with me. Well Mother Cat, I will write some more later. Love, Dorothy. X X

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